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Photographs from the Eastman House collection

Photos from the Eastman House collection

Photographers throughout the last 160 years have been freezing time in ever smaller slices. Six pages of pictures show you some of the ways.
Some folks can fall asleep sitting at a traffic light, eating dinner, or making love. Others spend huge sums on all kinds of soporifics—and still can’t catch the Dreamland Express. None of this is news to Donald Greenblatt ’69, whose specialty is studying other people's sleeping habits.

By Jan Fitzpatrick

Like most of the rest of us, Donald Greenblatt sleeps away a big chunk of his nighttime hours. But during the day, he has a most unusual routine: He watches others sleep.

Greenblatt is director of the Sleep Disorders Center at St. Mary’s, one of the School of Medicine and Dentistry’s affiliated teaching hospitals. Over a year’s time he sees about 400 people with some kind of sleep problem and talks on the phone to dozens of others—many of them mothers worried about their children’s sleep difficulties, problems with night terrors, sleepwalking, or bed-wetting.

“God bless the man who first invented sleep!” Sancho Panza exclaims in
### When Is Bedtime for Bonzo?

Species vary enormously in their requirements for daily rest, and those requirements can vary with changes in external circumstances.

In the wild, for instance, it's lights out for Bonzo (literally) when the sun goes down, at which point chimpanzees begin preparing their nests and settling down for the night. Then it's back to the old monkey business at dawn the next day.

Chimp sleeping behavior changes in captivity. For want of something better to do, captive chimps often sleep until well after first light and then tend to take a lot of naps. The sleeping patterns of zoo chimps are also controlled, in part, by the visiting hours of their hairless cousins.

Other mammals require greater and lesser amounts of sleep, with humans falling somewhere near the middle of the pack. At the right is a scale of the sleep requirements of some representative snoozers.

<table>
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<th>Species</th>
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<tr>
<td>Sloth</td>
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<td>Elephant</td>
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<td>Porpoise*</td>
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*The porpoise is doomed to eternal sleeplessness because it must always be alert enough to rise to the surface when it has to breathe. It solves the problem by occasionally allowing selected portions of its brain to shut down while the rest monitors the breathing.

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you are ready to. “Unless they prepare for the time-zone change, the Lakers may have more of a problem when they play the Celtics in Boston than the Celtics do playing in Los Angeles,” says Greenblatt.

It’s also easier to adjust to the return of Standard Time in the fall (which, by turning the clock back, lengthens the day) than it is to switch over to Daylight Saving Time in spring. “Statistics show that the incidence of auto accidents goes up right after Daylight Saving Time goes into effect,” he notes.

Shift workers—especially those who work rotating shifts—often have trouble because they frequently must change their hours at just about the time their bodies are getting accustomed to their current shift. Greenblatt’s rule of thumb is that it takes about one day to adjust to every hour of change you make. If, for instance, you fly across a single time zone, it’ll take you a day to adjust. If you fly across three, it’ll take you three days. So if your workday suddenly begins eight hours later than it did, it’ll take you about a week to get used to the new schedule. “Unfortunately,” he points out, “that is just about the time many employers rotate their people to a new shift.”

Because shift workers earn a higher pay differential, workers themselves aren’t eager to change the system. But they may pay a heavy cost in personal health. “Compared to other people, shift workers have a much higher incidence of problems with poor sleep, drug and alcohol abuse, heart disease,
When we say that Uncle Charlie died in his sleep—and we know that Uncle Charlie was obese, snored, and fell asleep a lot during the day—then it's a good guess that Uncle Charlie died of sleep apnea.
"remained with me for two decades until a day in August when I tersely summed up, on a scrap of paper, 'liberty and justice for all.'"

Graduating during the country's centennial year of 1876, Bellamy entered the Rochester Theological Seminary and for 11 years practiced as a Baptist minister, first in Little Falls, N.Y., and later in Boston. But a lifetime in the ministry was not to be. Believing that the church was not doing enough for the working man, his daughter-in-law Rachael Bellamy recalls, Francis found himself in conflict with the rigid Baptist theology of the time. He started looking around for something else to do.

A Boston parishioner, Daniel S. Ford, offered him a staff job on *The Youth's Companion*, an influential national publication of which Ford was both owner and editor.

Ford's nephew, James Bailey Upham, became Bellamy's boss. A self-effacing New England patriot, Upham was head of the magazine's "premium" (read marketing) department. The most successful family magazine in the country, *The Companion* had achieved that pinnacle partly on the distinction of its authors (among them were Louisa May Alcott and Harriet Beecher Stowe) and partly on the success of its enterprising marketing program, which
The committee for that first Columbus Day chose Edna Dean Proctor to compose “an ode rich in feeling,” Theron Brown to write a song, and the “silver-tongued W. C. P. Breckenridge, M.C. of Kentucky,” to pen an address. Proctor’s ode fairly oozed with feeling: “... no cloud on the field of azure, no stain on the rosy bars, God bless you youths and maidens, as you guard the Stripes and Stars.” Brown’s song was “not up to the mark but the best we could obtain.” And Colonel Breckenridge’s declaration was “so far off it was useless to try and edit it.” With as much tact as he could muster, Bellamy asked Breckenridge to rewrite it. When the second draft proved also a clunker, Bellamy himself was tapped to write the official address on “The Meaning of Four Centuries.”

Despite these literary setbacks, all was not lost.

“The nub of the program,” said Upham, looking over Bellamy’s shoulder, “is the salute to the flag.”

“The nub,” wrote Bellamy in the Rochester Alumni Review of February-March 1927, “was the rub.” The salute then in use, written by one Colonel George T. Batch (‘We give our Heads! and our Hearts! to Our Country! One Country! One Language! One Flag!’), struck Bellamy and Upham as “too juvenile, lacking in dignity and comprehensiveness for the occasion.”

What both wanted was “a more impressive form of words.”

For weeks Upham and Bellamy tossed back and forth their concepts for a new pledge. “We agreed,” Bellamy wrote in 1927, “that it should embody a lofty sentiment, a sense of history and fundamental Americanism.” For continuity and flow of words, it needed a single author.

“You write it,” Bellamy said to his boss, “you have the time.”

“You write it,” Upham responded, “you have the knack with words.”

“All right, I’ll try.”

After they had supped together that August night and with Upham nearby for consultation and moral support, Bellamy shut himself in his office. He began with the premise that “a vow of loyalty” was better than some hazy “Salute to the Flag.” But “allegiance” was a better word than “loyalty,” and “pledge” was better than “swear” or “vow.” “My flag,” the first person singular, individualized the pledge better than “the flag.” And so the first phrase—“I pledge allegiance to my flag”—took form.

“Then for the further reach of what the flag stood for. Should it be ‘country,’ ‘nation,’ or ‘republic’? ‘Republic’ won because it distinguished the form of government chosen by the fathers and established by the Revolution. The true reason for allegiance to the flag was the ‘republic for which it stands.’”

Next came the unity of that republic over which the Civil War had been fought. “One nation, indivisible,” Bellamy wrote, drawing on Webster and Lincoln. His temptation was to climax with the slogan of the French Revolution—“liberty, equality, fraternity”—which had meant so much to Jefferson. A realist about the equality and the fraternity (“too many thousands of years off in realization”), he settled for “liberty and justice for all.”

“That’s all any nation can handle,” Bellamy decided.

Finished, he called for Upham, who suggested but did not press for “the flag” instead of “my flag.” The pair stood in the gathering darkness with a “sea breeze off Massachusetts Bay cooling the city,” practicing the pledge

Ninety-six Years Later

What kind of allegiance do Americans feel today toward Bellamy’s pledge? Has it gone the way of mandatory prayer in the schools—or is it as strong as the presidential oath of office?

Somewhere in between, it seems. Most American school children still start their day off by facing the flag, placing their hands over their hearts, and reciting the pledge, says Arthur Woodward of the Graduate School of Education and Human Development.

Peter Ciurca, principal of elementary School 35 in the Rochester City School District, comments, “It sets the day off and puts things in proper perspective.”

He says the Board of Education doesn’t specifically require its use, but speculates that parents and society in general expect it: “Maybe it has become too automatic, but I think it’s proper.”

This lack of spontaneity disturbs Christopher Lasch, chair of the University’s Department of History and author of the best-selling *The Culture of Narcissism.*

Recalling his own impressions as a schoolboy, he dismisses the pledge as “basically harmless, but also basically meaningless—just kind of bland and formulaic.”

“This sort of ritual patriotism always leaves me a bit cold. I suspect that it doesn’t make any impact.”

Which may very well be true for many of us. But the pledge has stirred up powerful emotions—strong enough to make a federal case out of it.

The watershed decision was written in 1942, according to Tinku Khanwalker, a Rochester attorney who volunteers for the New York Civil Liberties Union.

In West Virginia Board of Education v. Barnette, the Supreme Court ruled in favor of members of the Jehovah’s Witnesses whose children refused to salute the flag because their religion forbids them to pay homage to symbols.

“The case is made difficult not because the principles of its decision are obscure, but because the flag involved is our own,” wrote Justice Robert H. Jackson in a split decision. “... To believe that patriotism will not flourish if patriotic ceremonies are voluntary and spontaneous ... is to make an unflattering estimate of the appeal of our institutions to free minds.”

So that’s the bottom line, after all—that thorny notion of freedom. The crux is, today we pledge allegiance to the flag of a republic that gives us the freedom not to pledge our allegiance—to anything or anybody.

Which, when you think about it, is a pretty good reason to muster a bit of allegiance in the first place.

Denise Bolger Kovnat
Along with the official ode, song, and pledge, The Companion printed Bellamy's speech in the prescribed "programme" for the day to be observed by the country's 13 million schoolchildren.

Two months later, as Columbus Day dawned, Bellamy was in Malden, Mass., Upham's home town, where one of the major celebrations was to take place. Bellamy himself was to read the address for the Malden observance. As the day began, he heard 4,000 high-school students roar his pledge, and as it drew to a close, he saw 1,500 adults listen politely to his carefully prepared speech.

Like other speechmakers before and after him, Francis Bellamy lived to see his address, and the much more forgettable ode and the song, fade quickly into obscurity. But his pledge took off to become "a universal doxology"—and for the next 50 years the subject of confusion and controversy.

A more immediate subject of controversy surrounding that first Columbus Day, one that even the ubiquitous Francis Bellamy could not solve, lay in the date assigned to the celebration.

Columbus had first sighted land on October 12, 1492—by the old Julian calendar that assumed a year was 365 1/4 days long. Actually, this is 11 minutes and 14 seconds too long, creating an error of three days every 400 years. To correct the error of centuries, 10 days were dropped from the calendar in 1582 in every Western country but Russia and Great Britain. In 1751 Britain too adopted the Gregorian calendar—and George Washington's birthday was subsequently changed from February 11 to 22.

Following the same logic, one camp of 1892 celebrants wanted to compute the four centuries from dawn to dawn with "scholarly accuracy," which would have Columbus Day falling on October 21. The other camp chose to remain faithful to the date of Columbus's landfall as recorded in his log: October 12. The result, according to contemporaneous accounts, was a "twoshued celebration" and angry recriminations about "ridiculous discrepancies," "disregard of established tradition," and the "tremendous absurdity of two celebrations of Discovery Day."

No one gave in. Chicago shot off her ceremonial guns and Washington received "the unenlightened royalties of Europe" on the hallowed October 12, while the National Columbian Public School Celebration (Bellamy's project) introduced the Pledge of Allegiance on the "accurate" October 21.

Bellamy lived to see his solemn Columbus Day address fade quickly into obscurity. But his pledge took off to become "a universal doxology"—and for the next 50 years the subject of confusion and controversy.

The other controversy—that of authorship—began slowly and gathered momentum as the pledge gained fame. Why was Bellamy, demonstrably the archetypical public-relations man, unable to establish his claim to the celebrated 23 words? The answer lies primarily in the philosophy of The Youth's Companion and the self-effacing character of its owner-editor. The Companion of September 8, 1892 (containing the program for October 21) listed "A Declaration of the Special Address prepared for the occasion by THE YOUTH'S COMPANION" and the "Salute to the Flag" with no attribution whatsoever. "The fine ideals of the publication were to be its only identification," Francis Bellamy wrote later. "Any distinguishable thing done by any member of the staff was understood to be as submerged as the name and personality of the modest man at the head of it all."

This ironclad policy never to credit specific individuals on its staff led to the publication of The Companion under the assumed name of the Perry Mason Company. The name of its owner-editor, Daniel Ford, never appeared in it during his 50 years of association with the magazine until the notice of his death in 1899.

In spite of this carefully fostered anonymity, the pledge was soon informally known as the "Bellamy salute" and beginning around 1894 received wide distribution through the activities of the Women's Relief Corps, the auxiliary of the Grand Army of the Republic. A pamphlet from the American Flag Manufacturing Company, on the "Ritual of Teaching Patriotism," recommended the use of the "Bellamy salute." An 1895 songbook frankly credited Bellamy by noting that he had changed the wording of the earlier Balch salute. Contemporaries heard Upham introduce Bellamy as "the author of the pledge."

"While Francis Bellamy wrote that salute," Upham chastised Lue Stuart Wadsworth of the Women's Relief Corps in 1893, "it never should have been published under his name as he was in our employ..." Officially it continued to be called the Youth's Companion Flag Pledge and, until The Companion's demise in 1929, succeeding editors maintained it was the possession and must be used sans byline.

James Upham died in 1905, never having claimed by recorded word or deed to be the author of the pledge. Nor did his obituary mention the pledge (although he was erroneously credited with establishing Columbus Day). Posthumously, members of Upham's family sought recognition for him as its originator. Certain coworkers agreed they had always "understood" that Upham, who remained after Bellamy left the magazine in 1895, had written the "first draft," to which various staff members then contributed. Indeed, The Companion published a brochure to this effect, stating flatly that Bellamy was not the author.
Cloth badge for the first national Columbus Day: Note the date of October 21, the subject of yet another controversy.

A second study, by the Library of Congress, reconfirmed the Bellamy claim and in 1957 was proudly read into the Congressional Record by Bellamy's fellow Rochester alumnus, Congressman (later Senator) Kenneth B. Keating '19.

The controversy was settled, but popular recognition lagged. David Bellamy (1888-1960), son of Francis and an executive of the Wilmot Castle Company in Rochester, lobbied mightily but unsuccessfully for a U.S. postage stamp to honor his father in 1942, the 50th anniversary of the pledge. (Shortly afterward, David Bellamy presented his father's papers to the University library, an extensive collection from which much of this article is derived.) David's widow continued to campaign for the stamp in 1967, but the 75th anniversary passed unobserved, too. "Probably they still didn't want to touch a hot potato," says Rachael Bellamy, now a nonagenarian. Supporters, including Matilda Cuomo, wife of the New York governor, now look forward to the upcoming centennial of the pledge in 1992 for that long-sought stamp.*

The University never had any doubts. A bronze, 30-inch plaque honoring Bellamy was placed in busy Todd Union in 1937. With the building of Wilson Commons, the function of the old union changed, and the plaque disappeared behind a theater curtain. In 1986 students fished it out of Todd's dim recesses. Two rededication ceremonies complete with schoolchildren were held that spring as the plaque was unveiled anew next to the flagpole by the Eastman Quadrangle steps. Youngsters who attended, like the youngsters of 1892, saw Bellamy's pledge as "a special thing to say to the flag," "a promise of peace," and "something that makes us aware we're free and living in one big country." Just saying the pledge feels good as a wake-up each morning, one boy opined, "like a yawn - only better."

Bellamy's spare words have been changed four times, beginning in 1892, when Bellamy himself, for the sake of cadence, restored the "to" before "the Republic" (he had earlier deleted it for the sake of brevity).

In 1923, the first National Flag Conference voted to change "my Flag" to a redundant "the flag of the United States" (for immigrant children who might be thinking of their homelands and not realize the connotation of "the Republic for which it stands"). The following year "of America" was added.

The additions did not please Francis Bellamy. "The phrasing had been balanced," Rachael Bellamy says. "He thought the changes spoiled the rhythm." (In 1929 he and other opponents did manage to beat back another proposed addition: an oath to observe Prohibition laws and abstain from alcohol, advocated by Congresswoman Ruth Bryan Owen.)

Then in 1954, an act of Congress added the phrase "under God," which further spoiled the rhythm and raised questions of church-and-state issues. But as Congressman Keating noted, "How can you vote against God?"

And so the official Pledge of Allegiance now reads:

> I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America and to the republic for which it stands, one nation, under God, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.

Perhaps "equality" and "fraternity" will make it someday too.

Elizabeth Brayer writes frequently for Rochester Review on matters of University history.

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office he first began leasing in November. Under pressure from impending commission deadlines, he needed to ensconce himself away from the intrusions of the outside world. The office's phone number is a carefully guarded secret.

Michael Torke took up piano "by a fluke," he says. He was 5 years old and given to whacking a toy drum in time to marching-band music. A family friend heard his performance one day and thought the budding musician might benefit from piano lessons. She offered to find him a piano teacher.

The teacher of choice was serendipitous—an unconventional instructor who favored creative exercises that whetted Torke's compositional instincts. "She would write something where measures two and four would be blank," he says. Then I was supposed to fill them in. Pretty soon I was writing whole pieces." He started formal composition lessons by the age of 9.

Torke began seriously listening to classical music in junior high and worked so extensively on his piano and composition skills through the end of high school that he had little doubt of his ability to get into whichever music school he desired.

He opted for Eastman, and arrived in Rochester in the fall of 1980 with a promising compositional voice that his new teachers noted with respect. "He was one of the most talented and gifted young composers I'd worked with at Eastman in many years," says Joseph Schwantner, a Pulitzer Prize-winning composer and Eastman professor who had worked with Torke on the younger composer's first full-fledged attempt to explore those ramifications: a chamber ensemble piece called "Vanada," completed in 1984.

While Torke is not the only composer who incorporates elements of popular music into his concert music, he is among a group of rising younger composers who do it with particular conviction, says Schwantner. Unlike any previous generation of composers, Torke and his peers have grown up in a time when pop music's impact on society at large has been complete, inestimable, and, in Torke's mind, impossible to ignore. But even as he receives more and more recognition for the stylistic marriages he performs ("Pop Music Inspires a Young Classicist," proclaimed the headline of a New York Times article on Torke and Peter Martins last June), Torke himself has grown less and less convinced of the magnitude of the accomplishment.

"It used to be that we were going to 'expand the audience,'" he says. "That meant getting a 'crossover' crowd. We were going to break the barriers between high art and low art." Torke speaks expressively, and his penchant for reading philosophy in his spare time is mirrored in his frequent reflectiveness. "But by now, I don't know," he continues. "Instead of there being one big brick wall, there seems to be a maze of smaller walls. From my perception, there isn't really any crossover happening anywhere. There are just a lot of little categories."

Torke finds pleasure and challenge, then, not in "crossing over" but simply in exploring the various categories that are out there, regardless of how traditionally distinct they have been. Here is a composer who talks about writing a "very establishment sort of piano concerto" while in practically the same breath he toys with the idea of starting a rock band. He is further contemplating forays into both musical theater and film.
In Torke's case, the color associations are more than metaphorical. "I don't think to see it," he says. There is, in fact, a little known, rarely studied neurological condition called synesthesia that prompts in the few people who have it this exact sort of sensory overlap. (The poet Baudelaire is thought to have had it; he once wrote: "Perfumes, colors, and sounds echo one another." Torke doesn't deny that synesthesia might be at play within his own mind, but is quick to broaden the scope of his use of colors. He understands that other people may not see the color as he does, and hopes that his color pieces (the last one was "Purple," a movement within the expanded "Ecstatic Orange" ballet) in any case give listeners hints about form and the overall interrelation between the works.

So he's getting commissions. He's a full-time composer. A question emerges: Just who is out there commissions concert music, anyway? According to Torke, more people than you might think. "To begin with, the major orchestras get a lot of pressure from various groups to do new music," he says. Sometimes, funding is at stake - new music on the program can mean extra dollars from a variety of sources. Other times, commemorative events prompt commissions. "Orchestras are always reaching their 75th or 100th birthday, and they want to do something big."

"Believe it or not, there really is a function for writing new music," he continues. "We've been trained to think that audiences hate anything that's new. But actually, at least here in New York, the chance to go and see something that's new is the most exciting thing. It gets to be about the only reason why one would want to go out at night."

How often Torke actually lets himself go out is another thing. His aforementioned work schedule is in operation seven days a week. "Every day is the same," he says, sounding simultaneously excited - he loves what he's doing - and a bit weary; those 90-hour work weeks will take it out of anyone.

But the pressure is not going to abate in the near future. As 1988 began, he was working intently on his ballet for the NYCB American Music Festival, the full score of which was to be ready by February 1. Then, on February 2, work was to begin on a commission for a concerto for a five-piece brass ensemble - the Empire Brass - playing with an orchestra. That piece is due by June 3.

As the commissions increase in number, where does the added inspiration come from? "It would be a lot simpler if it came from real life," says Torke with a laugh. "If I felt really sad on Monday and I could go to the piano and write sad music and feel satisfied, that would be great, it really would. But that's something I just can't do."

"I think what gets me going are very abstract musical concepts. How to break up and combine this rhythm with that, and come up with the results in a third melody. And it's almost by default that there's some sort of emotional content."

He laughs at the irony, well aware of the emotional impact his music produces. Yet despite this somewhat mechanical-sounding approach, Torke shies from certain labels that other people might toss in his direction, such as the word mathematical, used to identify music created through complex theoretical manipulations.

"When people hear 'mathematical,' they immediately think of the most unmusical sorts of associations," he says. "To write musical music is my main concern." To compose something that people couldn't hum, he says, would be like a painter painting a picture that people couldn't see.

As Torke's name increases in stature, he is now poised for a significant new phase of his career: recording. "The Yellow Pages" has already been recorded for New Albion Records by a California ensemble called The Ear Unit and is awaiting release. And the Empire Brass commission is likely to end up on an album side before long, thanks to that ensemble's ongoing relationship with a major classical label. Torke looks forward with enthusiasm to seeing his work pressed onto vinyl. "That's the most important thing in the world!" he says. "It's the only way that music can be brought to larger numbers of people."

Meanwhile, let's not forget Peter Martins. Although immersed in his American Music Festival plans for the last few months, he has in general been all but breathing down Torke's neck for something else to choreograph. "It's hard to be patient and wait for Michael's next piece," he says, "since he has other things to do and can't write as fast as one would wish him to write."

All in all, Michael Torke is as close to being a "hot property" as any contemporary classical composer might possibly be. The earnest young man from Milwaukee, however, is not entirely satisfied. He aims high. "As for having impact on culture in general," he says with a hint of a sigh, "it seems that my particular field is very low on the list. I think about my peers who are in other fields, as writers or painters or actors, and then it seems like writing music is so much more of a provincial activity."

Torke is not concerned with fortune and glamour here. Never mind his generation's dollar-oriented image - this is no material boy. "I'd be really disappointed if the reward of what I did was a mountain of money and nothing else," he says. Money is not that attractive to me. I have other goals in mind. I want the music to touch people now, 10 years from now, and after I'm dead."

Lofty goals to be sure, but someone's got to have them. Besides, aspiring to produce great art only sounds like a ponderous undertaking.

To Michael Torke, nothing could be more natural or enjoyable than sitting down, wherever he is (he can compose without an instrument), and, in his words, "trying to invent new ways to put notes together." It's a joy he can only attempt to convey to anybody else.

"To me, it's like going off into another world and playing in this wonderful sandbox or something. And no one is going to say, 'Oh, you can't sit on that side of the sandbox,' or 'You can't play with that shovel.' It's one area where I'm totally free."

New York-based writer Jeremy Schlosberg last wrote for Rochester Review about Michael Walsh "HiE, Time magazine's classical-music critic."
How Many Ways to Tell About TIME

How many seasons are there? Most of us would probably say four, but the !Kung people of southern Africa with equal logic count five. These cultural differences remind us that marking time is a human invention.

The 1988 Rochester Conference: A wonderfully mixed bag of anthropologists, philosophers, composers, novelists, and scientists comes to the University to consider concepts of time from their individual perspectives.

By Thomas Fitzpatrick

Pushing his eyeglasses onto his forehead, the speaker walks away from his prepared text and leans his left elbow on the podium of the Strong Auditorium stage.

“This is pretty elusive stuff, isn’t it?” says Stephen Toulmin. The audience of nearly a thousand nods as one. We had just heard the Avalon Professor of History at Northwestern spar with Liebnitz and grapple with Newton, spin out a comparison of absolute time and absolute temperature using reverse logarithmic scales, and invoke Jim McMahon of the Chicago Bears stretching out the two-minute clock as he quarterbacks a come-from-behind victory over the ’Skins.

But not to worry, Toulmin reassures. We are certainly not the first to be vexed with the concept of time, and he tosses off a quotation from the fourth century A.D. to buck up the confused moderns before him. “What, then, is time?” worried St. Augustine in his Confessions. “I know well enough what it is, provided that nobody asks me; but if I am asked what it is and try to explain, I am baffled.” Well, all right, then, we collectively sigh, relieved and proud to share befuddlement with the Bishop of Hippo. Toulmin dives back into his text, and we crawl through these deep waters with him.

“On Time: the 1988 Rochester Conference” is in its second day, 24th hour, 14th minute, and (if the wristwatch of my neighbor to the left is being digitally responsible) 34th second.

Such a preoccupation with the passing of time is entirely apt for a conference participant, as we are reminded every time we step out onto the Eastman quad. Draped from the facade of Rush Rhees Library is a huge banner advertising the conference logo: the White Rabbit from Alice in Wonderland caught in mid-stride. Whether it be head-lopping or croquet, for him there is always a Red Queen just over the next hill, stage-managing some event that he would be unwise to pass up.
being Westernized, and calendars, clocks, and watches are more common. But their first reaction to Western wristwatches was quirkily Swiftian. As Shostak reminded us, the Lilliputians first thought that Gulliver's timepiece "was the God that he worshipped" since he said "he never did anything without consulting it." The 'Kung tribesmen believed that the first white men's watches they saw had similar totemic significance, so they politely respond by drawing watches on their own wrists.

She thinks that her book Nisa: The Life and Words of a !Kung Woman is something more than anthropology; like Swift's great work, it in effect "holds up a mirror to our own world." Judging from the delighted response of her audience, no matter how many copies of Nisa are available in the bookstores and libraries of Rochester, they will be snug in book bags by nightfall.

The Brooklyn in Shostak's voice didn't hinder her from demonstrating the verbal click that punctuates this African language; in fact, she had so many in the audience clicking away in imitation that it sounded like a Village Vanguard crowd at one of Miriam Makeba's performances in the '50s.

From a tribe with one foot in the past to visions of an interplanetary future was the transition demanded of us next by the schedule, and novelist Ursula Le Guin was our guide to speculative worlds Monday evening. She thanked the University for giving her the 1986 Janet Heidinger Kafka Prize, put her fiction into the context of the conference theme by claiming an interplanetary perspective, and proceeded to read from her 1972 novel The Dispossessed, which is about one of these characters, a "temporal physicist."

Noticing that every second member of the audience seemed to be clutching one of her books, she wisely indicated that she would be willing to autograph them at a reception well after everyone had cleared out of Strong. Her remarks concluded, some fans hovered about her personal space anyway, others funneled down into the Meridian tunnel underneath the Quad, where geology students had painted a time scale on the walls, while the hardy popped over to Hubbell for a Woody Allen double feature, Zelig and Sleeper. The rest opted for a Pepsian activity: And so to bed.

If you had managed a rabbitish hustle and had avoided giving distractions the time of day, the first 36 hours of the conference had seen you through four movies, two slide shows, four lectures, two seminars, and one inauguration. The pattern and the pace would continue for the remaining six days.

As you paused each afternoon to listen to David Caldwell's carillon recital as it rang out over the campus punctually at 5:45, you could congratulate yourself at having done a yeoman's job of participating in the University's almost literal version of "All Things Considered." Self-education is a job of work after all, but a dollop of celebrity-gazing helps the medicine go down.

And the conference had its share of star-quality performers whose appearances satisfied that yen of ours to do an end run around their books, works of art, and intellectual theories to get a good gander at the cut of their jibs:

Le Guin's reading makes one wonder anew what manner of people these sci-fi writers are, since they put a reverse spin on every expectation. First, none of them even wants to be called a "science-fiction" writer — Ray Bradbury resists the tag; at last year's conference Harlan Ellison threatened to punch the lights out on a newspaper reporter who labeled him that way; and Le Guin prefers "anthropological fiction."

There is nothing razor-cut, glossily surfaced, or sharply futuristic about Le Guin's person; she is slight, grey-mopped, comfortably tweeded and corduroyed, and so quietly competent intellectually that you could mistake her for the chair of a college's philosophy department. She does not cultivate as fusty an image as does Bradbury, who is famous for eschewing all forms of modern transportation, preferring to get around the Los Angeles area by self-locomotion when possible. But then, Le Guin revealed to her conference audience that she made her way from Oregon to Rochester by train! An enduring mystery.
Le Guin’s reading made one wonder anew what manner of people these sci-fi writers are, since they put a reverse spin on every expectation.

showed such a King Charles’s Head kind of obsessiveness that Provost Brian Thompson had to blow the whistle on that session so people could get some lunch. They would show up as much as half an hour early for sessions to maneuver the choice seats, many wearing the “On Time” sweatshirts, for which they were the best customers (with purple their favorite color).

They even displayed a little undergraduate rambunctiousness, good-naturedly groaning at the umpteenth jokey pun on the title of the conference which hardly a session moderator found possible to resist (e.g., “This year especially we have an obligation to start the seminar ‘on time’—heh, heh”).

The older women were especially taken with anthropologist Emily Martin’s devastating attack on the sexist imagery in medical textbooks. A low muttering from women who may, after menopause, have heard their ovaries referred to as “senile” and “withered” reached a crescendo of derisive laughter when Martin showed one slide of a textbook illustration: a diminutive Billy Barty of a sperm squeezed into a corner by a Taj Mahal of an ovum. The title of the illustration? “Portrait of a Sperm.”

Many a G.P. in Rochester will hear about this come next appointment.

“This was great today. She was right on,” said Virginia Costich, retired Kodak medical technician. About the whole “back to school” adventure she was enthusiastic, calling it “great intellectual stimulation.” She might also have been forgiven for privately thinking that education is wasted on the young.

But, of course, that’s not so. To continue Dean Kampmeier’s idea: Students don’t need a break from thinking, but they can use some relief from conventional modes of doing so—and along with them, from the major plotting and career planning that dance in attendance. The conference allows them to sail through the groves of art and academe, to sample the produce without feeling obliged to buy the farm. They can learn the rudiments of choreography from Judith Hook or hear from the Cleveland Quartet why musicians value a Stradivarius—and do so without feeling the looming pressure of tests and term papers.

If students feel a bit isolated by their academic specialization, the conference trails lines of interconnectedness all over the landscape. Follow the references to Charles Darwin, for example, and find Wilson theorizing that humans are evolving culturally faster than our genes can keep up, psychologist William Kessen skeptically considering whether the word “development” has any relevance to the social sciences, and art-historian Michael Ann Holly observing that Darwin’s notions of evolution taught her discipline that each work of art has resonance over time “and calls to the next work of art in sequence.”

Or a student can just have some fun. Dress up like a Tom Baker clone with floppy fedora and trailing scarf, be a “Whovian” for an evening, and listen to writer Terrance Dicks try to puzzle through why Dr. Who has had a 25-year run on British and American television. Those who thought that Jay Ward did for this time-travel genre once and for all with Mr. Peabody, his boy Sherman, and the “Way-back machine,” could hold back their comic spirit for the big dance on Saturday night. In the space of six hours, you could attempt a lindy hop with the Nate Rawls Big Band, skip to the ’50s and try to limbo under a stick during “At the Hop,” and then join the head-bangers and slam dancers for the music of the ’80s.

The Rochester Conference can best be appreciated as a humongous wheel, with intellectual and artistic ideas arranged along the rim. The students are at the hub, free to run up and down the irradiating spokes, collect what they will, and return to the center, to sit quietly and let what they have learned simmer for a while within cranial walls.

The last image of “On Time” is similar to the first. At the Eastman Theatre on Sunday night, clarinetist Michael Webster finishes performing in Olivier Messiaen’s “Quartet for the End of Time” but can’t stick around for the final event of the conference, the Eastman Philharmonia’s rendition of Gustav Holst’s “The Planets.” As Philharmonia Conductor David Effron taps his baton, Webster is already scampering down East Avenue, intent on keeping an appointment with his Red Queen—a concert of chamber music at the Eastman House. His disappearing back has a kind of metaphorical impact on someone who has just experienced the Rochester Conference: So much to do and learn, so little time in which to do it. But Webster got in under the wire with his horn. We can take a shot too.

Free-lance writer Tom Fitzpatrick optimistically believes that time is on his side.
WHEN TIME STANDS STILL

For the last 160 years photography has been arresting time in ever smaller increments, rendering visible to our eyes the abstract concept of its flow. An exhibition from the “On Time” Rochester Conference offers a dramatic illustration of the ways in which photographers invoke its image.

Photographs from the International Museum of Photography at George Eastman House


Since Joseph Niepce created the first photograph in 1827, experimenters with a camera have developed ever more sophisticated ways of capturing time.

Concurrent with this year’s “On Time” conference, an exhibition covering that century and a half of temporal exploration was on view in the Hartnett Gallery in Wilson Commons.

“On Time in Photography” was drawn from the vast collections of the International Museum of Photography at George Eastman House, the world-famous photographic archive housed in the mansion George Eastman built for his mother and left to the University as a home for its presidents. (The house proved to be more princely than presidential, however, and in 1947 was chartered as an independent museum. Although there is no formal affiliation between the University and IMP/GEH, Rochester faculty and students benefit from the spirit of scholarly cooperation that exists between the two institutions.)

A sampling from the exhibition appears on the following pages.

Harold Edgerton, “Back Flip,” 1954
Eadweard Muybridge, "Animal Locomotion," ca. 1887

Daguerrotype of Sled with Semi-Transparent Horse, 1855
Robert Capa, "Death of a Loyalist Soldier," 1936

J. H. Lartigue, "Grand Prix of the Automobile Club of Paris," 1912
Meet the Prez

What effect will last fall's stock market crash have on next year's tuition? Shouldn't the University have a program to help teaching assistants learn how to be instructors?

When the riverfront development project materializes, what will happen to all those parking spaces lost from Wilson Boulevard?

And what do you think about the plan for coed suites in "Phase"?

It's after lunch on Wednesday and ergo it's another one of the weekly University Day half-holidays from classes and labs. President O'Brien is meeting with all comers at an open Presidential Forum in Havens Lounge up in Wilson Commons. Students, draped around on the room's carpeted tiers, are peppering him with the kinds of questions you always wished you could ask your own college president.

Three times a semester, you can find O'Brien at one of the informal Q and A sessions that he started last year to encourage direct dialogue with his on-campus constituents. Sometimes the sessions are pretty intense, as at the meeting earlier this semester when Havens overflowed with students expressing their concern over last February's incident at the Theta Delta Chi house (see page 34). At other times, when there is no pressing issue of the moment, the queries tend to focus on such eternal basics as where am I going to live, where am I going to park, and how much is it all going to cost me.

How did O'Brien answer the questions cited at the beginning of this story? In essence, the answers went this way:

Tuition and the crash? No effect on tuition. The stockmarket skid will mean the loss of only $300,000 out of a budget of $475 million for the coming fiscal year.

Programs for teaching assistants? Ah, but the University does have them. They're run by individual departments.

Future parking? New lots will compensate for lost parking spots when the projected riverfront program closes a section of Wilson Boulevard to create a park-like approach to the river.

Coed suites? They're worth a year's trial to see if any problems develop. Then we can decide if it's a good idea to retain them.

Branching Out Down Under

The Simon School, which already runs programs in the Netherlands and Japan, is branching out again. This time the international connection is planned for Australia, in the form of the first private American graduate school of business to be established in that country.

The project has received a major boost with the gift of 30 acres of land for a campus to be built just outside of Sydney. Lady Warwick Fairfax, who made the gift in memory of her husband, a leading member of a prominent Australian media family, has also undertaken to raise funds for building facilities for the school, moving the enterprise another long step closer to reality.

"Sir Warwick's dream — now mine — has been to establish an internationally renowned business school in the heart of the Sydney community," she said in announcing the gift. "I am extremely proud to have taken on this extraordinary challenge, and am personally committed to helping in every way to make the Simon School in Australia a resounding success."

Initially, the project calls for the establishment of two M.B.A. programs (one for full-time students, the other for business executives studying part time), both of them patterned after those offered at Rochester. Eventually the school will add a Ph.D. program and non-credit seminars tailored to the needs of the Australian business community.

It is expected that the new school will open in the fall of 1991.

First Steps Toward an AIDS Vaccine

Investigators in the Infectious Diseases Unit of the Medical Center are engaged in a six-month trial in healthy human subjects of an experimental AIDS vaccine. The vaccine and the trial have been approved by the Food and Drug Administration.

Coordinated by the National Institute of Allergy and Infectious Diseases in Bethesda, Md., researchers at Rochester and five other sites (University of Maryland, Johns Hopkins University, Marshall University, Vanderbilt University, and Baylor College of Medicine) are conducting what is known as a Phase I trial to assess the vaccine's safety and ability to produce an immune response, and to determine the proper dosage and its timing.

The vaccine, known as gp 160, is a purified protein derived from genetic material from the human immunodeficiency virus (HIV). It was developed and is manufactured by MicroGeneSys, Inc., of West Haven, Conn., and has been undergoing human trials at the National Institutes of Health since August 1987.

"The vaccine should not be confused with the AIDS virus itself. It is impossible to get AIDS from the vaccine," says Dr. Raphael Dolin, professor of medicine (infectious diseases) at Rochester and chief of the Medical Center's Infectious Diseases Unit.

"This is an important first step in testing a vaccine for AIDS, though a fully proven vaccine ready for general use will involve many more trials and is probably years away."
**Science News**

Einstein's general theory of relativity predicts phenomena called "gravity waves"—forces that are to gravity what radio waves are to electricity.

The theory connects gravity with the curvature of space-time. Gravity waves are often regarded as undulations of the fabric of space-time itself.

Physicist Adrian C. Melissinos suggests scientists could detect these elusive emanations with the use of the proposed (and controversial) Superconducting Super Collider (SSC).

As reported in Science News, "The SSC will accelerate two beams of protons to energies up to 20 trillion electron-volts (20 TeV) each and bang them against each other. When protons get as close to the speed of light as 20 TeV represents, they gain a great deal of mass, and that means they exert stronger gravitational forces than ordinary protons.

"At least one physicist, Adrian C. Melissinos of the University of Rochester, has asked himself with respect to the SSC, 'Could you look for long-range forces—gravitation?'"

To accomplish this, Melissinos proposes a slight alteration in design, suspending the SSC's quadrupole magnets so they are free to oscillate (usually such magnets are rigidly supported). Science News agrees: "If this kind of cosmic surf really is up, the fabric of the SSC could be used to find it."

**The New York Times**

"He is mankind and I am the arts. This war is not our war, Neither side is on our side . . . ."

So wrote poet Ezra Pound during World War I in a poem called "1915: February," a reflection on how poetry could not "crack the riddle" of war.

The lines are from one of two unpublished poems by Pound recently discovered among papers at the University of Chicago by James Longenbach, assistant professor of English at Rochester.

In a front-page article in the Times's Book Review, Longenbach describes the background for these poems: the three winters between 1913 and 1916 that Pound spent living with William Butler Yeats at Stone Cottage near the village of Coleman's Hatch in Sussex, England.

"The situation at Stone Cottage is unmatched in literary history: two of the greatest poets of the 20th century—and two poets so different in temperament—living in excruciatingly close quarters for months at a time. The idea was that Pound would serve as Yeats's secretary, and that both poets, freed from the obligations of literary life in London, would have the time and solitude to pursue their projects without interruption."

**U.S. News and World Report**

Well-scrubbed and smiling, clasping pencil and notebook, 10-year-old Dante Hooker gazes at us from the pages of U.S. News and World Report.

What's he doing in full color in this national news magazine?

Dante—as a representative of the City of Rochester's 33,000 school children—is the focus of a series of articles U.S. News will run in the months and years ahead, tracking the progress of education reform in the Rochester schools.

The city's 10-year experiment includes a new contract for Rochester teachers, placing them among the highest paid anywhere, and an ambitious plan that aims to turn out students well equipped to read, write, compute, and join the workforce of the 21st century.

The program had its genesis with a coalition of community leaders that includes President O'Brien, head of the teachers' union Adam Urbanski '69 '75G, city schools superintendent Peter McWalters, Kodak president Kay Whitmore, and Rochester Urban League director William Johnson.

From the outset, the University has been a principal player in developing a plan to upgrade city schools. Currently, the University sponsors a variety of efforts designed to improve education in Rochester, including a "Teachers' Institute" at the Graduate School of Education and Human Development that brings together area teachers and University faculty to research important issues.

O'Brien tells U.S. News, "This city deep down believes it can solve its problems. We're all different, but there's a belief that if we yell at each other long enough, somehow we'll get it right."
Winter Sports Wrapup

The hard-charging Yellowjackets finished their regular-season competition with a composite record of 60-36, for a fine winning rate of 60 percent. All seven teams were represented in post-season play. And at the two-thirds mark in the University Athletic Association's inaugural year, the Jackets took 2 team championships, 2 second places, 1 third, and 1 fourth.

Rochester also crowned two UAA
"Coaches of the Year," two "Athletes of the Year," and, get this, a NATIONAL CHAMPION!

That national champ is running sensation Josefa Benzoni '88, who capped her stellar track-and-field season at Rochester by setting a new national record while winning the women's 1,500-meter run at the NCAA Division III nationals. "Dippy," as she is known to her friends and fans, ate up the track in a time of 4:28:83, beating the previous national mark by 3/4 seconds — a near Herculean achievement at such a short distance. Benzoni also earned All-American honors and was named the UAA "Performer of the Year" in her sport.

The rest of the story:

Men's Basketball: Head coach Mike Neer led his team to an 18-9 record and a third-place finish in the UAA with a 5-3 mark. The Yellowjackets won both the Chase Lincoln First Bank Scholarship Tournament and the UR/Holiday Inn Airport Tip-Off Tournament, and placed in the quarterfinals of the ECAC Upstate New York Division III Tournament. Center Tyler Zachem '88 earned distinction as a District 1 Academic All-American.

Women's Basketball: The Yellowjacket squad, under head coach Joyce Wong, split the season at 13-13, earned a fourth place in the UAA with a 4-3 record, and placed second in the ECAC Upstate New York Division III Tournament.

Men's Swimming: With a dual-meet record of 9-2, the Yellowjackets finished their campaign at the Rochester Friday Nite Special and the UR Sprint Invitational, and placed 17th out of 69 teams at the Division III nationals, with seven swimmers earning All-American honors in a total of 12 events. One of the top individual performers for head coach Bill Boomer was Scott Richardson '88, who was named UAA "Diver of the Year."

Women's Swimming: The Rochester pool sharks topped their season by capturing the team title at the UAA Championships. They compiled a record of 5-1 in dual meets under coach Pat Skehan, who was named UAA "Coach of the Year" in her field.

Men's Indoor Track and Field: Tim Hale coached the harriers to a second-place finish in the UAA Championships. In addition to earning a 3-4 dual-meet record, the Yellowjackets won the team title at the 26th annual UR Relays and placed 42nd at the NCAA Division III nationals.

Note: Rosseau's team ended the season 18-9 (5-3 and third place in UAA competition). As reserve center, Rosseau scored an average of 5.7 points per game, 6.2 rebounds per game, 48.2% shooting from the field, 64.1% shooting from the line, and was second on the team for blocked shots with a total of 20.
months ago celebrating a number of milestones—50 years of performing arts at the 92nd Street Y—YWHA; 20 years of lectures by Wiesel at the Y; and 10 years of outstanding music-making by the New York Chamber Symphony, the Y's resident orchestra.

The collaboration between one of America's most honored composers and the noted Holocaust scholar was arranged by the Y, which decided that a work of musical art was the greatest present it could give itself on its synchronous anniversaries.

Ever-productive, Diamond is following a unique position to assess the history of arms control to Presidents Kennedy and Johnson, and as President Carter's chief negotiator at the Comprehensive Test Ban Talks in Geneva in 1979-80.

He concludes with a story of the lazy gardener who "told his master, a statesman, that there was no reason to hurry in planting a certain tree, because it would in any event take a long time to grow tall. The statesman countered that there was all the more reason to get on with the job forthwith."

Bombs Away

If his elder daughter had had her way, that fiery phrase would have been the title for a new book by weapons scientist Herbert F. York '42, '43G. Instead, he says, he opted for a subtler double meaning: Making Weapons, Talking Peace (New York: Basic Books, Inc., 1987).

York has done both, in a remarkable career that spanned from the Manhattan Project to the White House. He served as director of defense research and engineering under President Eisenhower, as an adviser on arms control to Presidents Kennedy and Johnson, and as President Carter's chief negotiator at the Comprehensive Test Ban Talks in Geneva in 1979-80.

York's wide-ranging experience—beginning with his work on the supersecret Manhattan Project that developed the atomic bomb during World War II—places him in a unique position to assess the history of the arms race. Perhaps for this very reason, he often feels a wide gap separating him from his audience in classes and lectures.

"The first thing most of my listeners learned about World War II is that we won it. That is, so to speak, the last thing I learned about it. The first thing they learned about the atomic bomb is that we dropped one on Hiroshima and another on Nagasaki. That is the last thing I learned about the project. For most people born after 1940, those events marked the beginning of the nuclear arms race with the Soviets. For those of us in the project, they heralded the end of history's bloodiest war."

While the book chronicles his involvement of nearly a half a century with nuclear arms and nuclear arms control, it is also a memoir of, as he puts it, "the evolution of my understanding of what was going on and my thinking about what ought to be done about it."

Currently director of the Institute of Global Conflict and Cooperation at UC San Diego, York takes a practical, nonpartisan view of the arms race. He writes: "The maintenance of an adequate balance of power, including its nuclear component, combined with classical diplomatic actions designed to control arms and preserve the peace, has in fact bought us time. If we are wise enough, we will use it to find a way out of the grand nuclear dilemma."

Anchorage Away

Attorney John Hendrickson '60U has never been one to let book learning get in the way of experiencing life firsthand.

As a teenager, he dropped out of high school to sail around the world on the two-masted vessel, The Yankee.

Upon arriving home, he enrolled in night classes to finish high school and then went on to study part time at University College. He supported his studies by working at a Red Cross blood bank, packing groceries, inspecting lenses at Bausch & Lomb, and working as a lab technician at another local company.

Summers, he acted (with the emphasis on acting, he adds) as a bouncer in Yellowstone Park and climbed mountains in his spare time.

As for the law degree: While at Rochester, Hendrickson studied with "a very fine
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Kent Lerner '73, inducted as fellow, American Academy of Orthopaedic Surgeons.
Fred DeVore '76, elected town council member, Caledonia, N.Y.
Martha Connolly '85, won Eighth Annual Domenick L. Gabrielli Moot Court Competition, Albany Law School, and competed in national moot court competition at College of William and Mary.
Elizabeth McDonald '86, elected to 1988-89 editorial staff, Dickinson Journal of International Law, Dickinson School of Law, Carlisle, Pa.

Books Published
Jane Hanson '71G, 75G, co-editor, Behind the Lines: Gender and the Two World Wars (Yale University Press).

Eastman School of Music
Career Moves
Robert Spilman '57E, '59GE, named head, piano faculty, University of Colorado; he continues as co-general director, Aspen Music Festival Opera Theater Center.
Joel Thome '60E, appointed head, music dept., Carnegie Mellon University; he is founder and director of World Sound, a quintet that has appeared in concerts at the Guggenheim Museum in New York City and the National Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C.
Barbara Poulierikas '64GE, selected as concertmaster, Huntsville (Ala.) Chamber Orchestra.
Wayne Kallstrom '67GE, '71GE, appointed to music faculty, University of Nebraska-Omaha, where he is teaching graduate and undergraduate organ.

Christopher Taylor '70
Hilton Kean Jones '68GE, associate professor of music, University of South Florida, and music director of St. Lawrence Roman Catholic Church, Tampa, invited by the Vatican to participate in First International Congress of Directors of Church Music in Rome.
Kamran Ince '84GE, won second prize in the Frederick P. Rose Competition of the Brooklyn Philharmonic for new orchestral works by American composers.

Performances/Recordings
Anthony Kooiker '74GE, '63GE, professor emeritus of music, Hope College, performed piano recitals at La Foundation des Etats-Unis, Cité Universitaire, Paris, and presented five recitals in the Netherlands.
Sister Mary David Callahan '52E, published In Praise of the God of All, Book II, a 40-piece composition of morning and evening hymns, with Benet Press; also available: a voice edition, an accompaniment edition, and an accompanying tape, sung by the Benedictine Sisters and recorded by TRS Audio Services, Erie, Pa.

Key
RC - River Campus colleges
G - Graduate degree, River Campus colleges
M - M.D. degree
GM - Graduate degree, Medicine and Dentistry
R - Medical residency
F - Fellowship, Medicine and Dentistry
E - Eastman School of Music
GE - Graduate degree, Eastman
N - School of Nursing
GN - Graduate degree, Nursing
FN - Fellowship, School of Nursing
U - University College
GU - Graduate degree, University College
Rochester TRAVELERS

University of Rochester Alumni Tours are planned with two primary objectives: educational enrichment and the establishment of closer ties among alumni and between alumni and the University. Destinations are selected for their historic, cultural, geographic, and natural resources, and for the opportunities they provide for understanding other peoples: their histories, their politics, their values, and the roles they play in current world affairs.

Programs are designed to provide worry-free basics such as transportation, transfers, accommodations, some meals, baggage handling, and professional guides, and still allow for personal exploration of individual interests. Escorts, drawn from the University faculty and staff, provide special services and features that add both personal and educational enrichment.

All members of the University community are eligible to participate in these tours. Non-associated relatives and friends are welcome as space permits. Those—other than spouses, dependent children, or parents of alumni and current students—who have no direct connection with the University will be requested to make a tax-deductible donation of $50 to the University.

**Bermuda by Ship—July 24-31**
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**Hawaii, Cruising—October 22—29**
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For further information or detailed mailers (as they become available) on any of the trips announced, contact John Braund, Alumni Office, University of Rochester, Rochester, NY 14627, (716) 275-3682.

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The dream of someday achieving a safe, limitless source of energy from thermonuclear fusion—the kind generated by the sun—moved another step closer to reality this spring.

That's when scientists at the Laboratory for Laser Energetics announced attainment of their latest milestone: the compression of a tiny capsule of fusion fuel to more than 100 times its normal liquid density—the highest level that has ever been directly measured. It represents significant progress toward the goal of compressing and heating the fuel to the point where it ignites, setting off a reaction that releases more energy than was expended in kindling it.

Verified after rigorous review by a national scientific committee, the achievement paves the way for the next stage: a proposed major upgrade of the LLE's multi-trillion watt OMEGA laser that holds the promise of further advances in inertial fusion research within the next decade.

In the most recent achievement, Rochester researchers used the OMEGA to bombard with photons a glass capsule of fusion fuel no larger than a grain of sand. The fuel density reached was approximately two to four times that of lead—and the temperature was in the range of 5 to 10 million degrees. (For comparison: If you compressed water to the same degree, a gallon of it would weigh half a ton.)

To achieve the next step—a thermonuclear "burn" resulting in the release of far more energy than it took to ignite the burn—it is estimated that you would need the ability to compress the fuel to a density of 10 to 20 times that of lead and to heat it to a temperature of about 50 million degrees.

Heading in that direction, the proposed LLE upgrade would raise OMEGA's energy from 2,000 to 30,000 Joules (a measure of energy equal to one watt of one second's duration). The increase may enable scientists to achieve the densities and temperatures necessary for ignition.

Congress has so far appropriated $2 million toward half the cost of the design-and-engineering studies required for the upgrade and next year is expected to allocate the remainder. The LLE people estimate that the completed upgrade will total (in 1988 dollars) an additional $39 million. A
Henri Cartier-Bresson, "Giacometti," 1961
Harold Edgerton, "Bullet through Balloons," 1959

Adolphe-Eugene Disderi, Uncut Cartes de Visite, ca. 1860
Robert Doisneau, "Domestic Interior with Wedding Picture," 1956
had Samuel Adler, professor of composition at Eastman, walk through the audience handing out 29 different stanzas of a poem (which was either by or about Jasper Johns, depending on what chance configurations Cage came up with by randomly punching computer keys). The 29 recipients proceeded simultaneously to read their verses aloud as they variously paced the aisles, stood on their chairs, or moved however else the spirit prompted them — while Cage himself timed the readings by shuffling, to a beat all his own, from stage right to stage left. Like Chuck Berry duck-walking between choruses of “Maybelline” at a golden oldies revival, this elderly gentleman showed he still had the mojo to rouse an audience largely composed of people 50 years his junior. When the “performance” concluded, Cage wore an ear-splitting grin and audience members were beaming at each other. What had just occurred maybe not one in 20 could put a name to, but for sure it had been a gas.

Silent alarm: Celebrated mime artist Bob Berky '70 points up the flight of time. His appearance in Strong Auditorium — the scene of his very first performance, as a student — was one of 67 Rochester Conference events.

The Rochester Conference, however, is not in the celebrity-showcasing business. “It’s for the students,” Dean Ruth Freeman told the Campus Times, and she and her planners have kept the focus clear for two years now. “The main goal is education and what a student learns from this unique experience.”

And students provided the core of the daily auditors, albeit in gradual segments, like a butterfly emerging from a chrysalis. A smattering would make it out of the dorms for the 9:30 President’s Seminar Series to hear trumpeter-composer-arranger Jeff Tyzik ’76E, ’77GE ponder the pop scene with Eastman professors Rayburn Wright and Christopher Rouse, or to catch University Vice President Richard Miller, Engineering Dean Bruce Arden, and Chamber of Commerce President Thomas Mooney describing the shape of things to come in the Rochester of the Year 2000.

More of the collective neck and shoulders of the student body would be visible by the late-morning Provost’s Seminars, one of which featured Assistant Professor of Medicine Donald Greenblatt (see related story on page 3), whose peppy lecture on sleep disorders attempted an answer to the age-old question, Why are college students tired all the time? Many rueful smiles attended the answer: Dorms are too noisy, energy-draining puberty is still getting in some last licks, and the proverbial candle is daily torched at both ends. Prescription: more sack time; 10 hours a day is not too much.

The student antennae were at the ready for the afternoon sessions, and one of these in particular drew hot interest. By a stroke of scheduling genius, molecular biologist Allan Wilson of Berkeley was in Strong the very week his thesis — that our human genetic heritage can be traced back to an “Eve” who lived in Africa a surprisingly recent 200,000-odd years ago — got the cover of Newsweek. The issue, which showed a black Adam and Eve casting a cold eye on a serpent slithering between them, was a well-thumbed student item as Wilson — a dry, laconic man whose manner belied the “lunatic” label his ideas up to now had received in professional circles — built a structure that seems logically unassailable: That, as Stephen Jay Gould puts it, “all human beings despite differences in external appearance, share a kind of biological brotherhood that’s much more profound than we ever realized.”

Once the hands of the clock were firmly on the p.m. side, student wings were fully unfurled. Participation took flight, and its course was remarkably liberated from the specter of a pop quiz next Tuesday. For many of the academics who were doing the presenting, it may have been the first time in ages they had seen the full faces of students absorbing what they had to say eyeball to eyeball, rather than just the tops of heads buried in legal tablets.

By and large, students left the notetaking to the senior citizens, who were much in evidence during the week.

We may be the first human beings conscious of living in a specific age. We may not know what to call it but we do know that our age is different.

Anything in the bookstore that contained ruled paper was snapped up by the older conference, many of whom seemed determined not to leave one word of a lecture untranscribed. If a speaker mentioned the name of a book that had some special relevance to the subject, down it would go into a score of notebooks, and an hour later the computerized Rush Rhees card catalogue would be swamped.

The elders peppered Physics and Astronomy Professor Harry Gove and Director of Religious Affairs Joseph Brennan with such a barrage of questions about the Shroud of Turin and
Cage wore an ear-splitting grin and the audience beamed:
What had occurred not one in 20 could put a name to, but for sure it had been a gas.

For us, the prospects are more cheerful, but we share some of his anxiety. University Dean Ruth Freeman and her planners have erected an imposing Bartholomew Fair of the intellectual and artistic life for us to sample. Once you do, you develop a taste for it, and more, an itch that just has to be scratched. No matter how far afield from our ordinary interests a seminar, session, or event might be, like the Rabbit, we are loathe to miss out.

The cue for this attitude was given on the first day of the conference in the speech by Jack A. Kampmeier after his inauguration as the new dean of the College of Arts and Science. Keynoting the activities of the week ahead, he suggested that semester break is a perfect time for the conference, since “students don't need a break from thinking.”

And we are all students for these seven days, even though only half of our 3,500-strong membership is officially enrolled at the University. For the rest, we are faculty, staff, and alumni, or just untitled citizens of the Rochester community. In common we have the itch that the conference both provokes and caters to: the desire to have the conference the first day of the rest of their lives.

Practical politics-1988 was the first stop of the morning, as Michael Miller, Monroe County Democratic Party chair, and Barbara Zartman, the same for the GOP, agreed that the primary system is a devourer of money and people, and a pretty eccentric way of choosing presidential nominees. The candidates who survive this political Iron Man Marathon will be those who have the best timing and who peak at the right lap.

The audience, composed mainly of the very young, looking perhaps to the future, holed up in their homes after fate and happenstance have worked their ways, so here is a chance to second-guess the experts. Zartman: Kemp, Haig, and du Pont are going nowhere; a dead heat between Bush and Dole. Miller: Gore is the best bet for vice president; and don't count out Hart for the top spot. They both insist that the two ordained ministers in the election, Pat Robertson and Jesse Jackson, will be “players” right up to the conventions and maybe beyond.

Moving on from electoral politics in the last part of the 20th century, we put on our seven-league boots and climb down with David Walsh, of the art-history department, into a hole in the ground that reveals the makeup of a medieval English monastery.

Although he promises to restrain himself from “selling” the archaeological digs in England on which he leads Rochester students, his own enthusiasm for the subject provokes yearnings for the Banana Republic catalogue, pith helmets, and cargo shorts. Yet the excitement in his voice switches to an introspective tone as he acknowledges that “dirt” archaeology destroys the material as it studies it, so that after his crews are through excavating the levels of floors in a monastery, nothing is left but their record of the excavation. “It's almost like copying a medieval manuscript and scraping off the illuminations as you go,” he says, a stiff reminder that our forays into the past are never completely harmless, that indeed we murder to dissect.

But we must dissect to possess, and from Walsh’s slides of the ruined abbey we experience with him a certain frisson. We can almost hear the monks’ orisons within these stone vaults before the conference schedule whirs on and yanks us five centuries and a hemisphere away, to southern Africa’s Kalahari Desert. Anthropologist Marjorie Shostak lived there for a number of years, and her studies of the !Kung tribe of hunters and gatherers and their views of time led her to the realization that, as Gulliver might have said to the Lilliputians, “Hey, everything’s relative!”

Until recently, the !Kung told time very well for their needs—by reference to the moon, the seasons, and the weather. Now, of course, the !Kung are
I'm interested in expanding the provinciality of contemporary concert music, which has gotten itself into the tiniest corner of the universe. One possible approach is branching off into other areas. I'm interested in expanding the provinciality of contemporary concert music, which has gotten itself into the tiniest corner of the universe. One possible approach is branching off into other areas. He adds, “The question is how far can you branch off before you're on another tree?” Complicating the matter is the fact that he sometimes finds himself writing music “that still doesn't fall into any of the categories, even though there are all these categories to choose from.”

This can lead to certain promotional considerations. At the same time he is developing a relationship with one mainstream classical-music record company, he wonders whether there might not be a progressive-rock label out there that would also be interested, or maybe even a “new age” label.

Not that Torke has ever had much trouble getting his music around. Since the fall of 1985, his work has been published by Boosey & Hawkes, a prestigious New York City classical-music publisher. Boosey & Hawkes publicizes and promotes as well as publishes; becoming their client was a turning point in his career as a full-time composer. But even as an Eastman student, he possessed an innate sense of what one had to do to be noticed. He was an inveterate competition-enterer in college, sending out his scores not so much to win (which he often did) but to let people outside of Rochester, N.Y., know of his existence.

It was like sending out introductions before graduation,” he says. “So that by the time I was able to move to New York City, it wasn't completely foreign territory.”

And there was no question that Michael Torke was going to live in New York some day. A visit to Manhattan with his high-school marching band in 1977 (for the Macy’s Thanksgiving Day Parade) had left a sizeable impression on him. He began, literally, dreaming about New York City—dreams notable for their color, their vividness, their emotional impact. So even though he proceeded from Eastman to Yale for graduate work in the fall of 1984, his heart was soon elsewhere.

He says that he began to feel he was wasting his professors' time, but he must have been wondering about his own time as well. He was already receiving commissions—his first major one was from the Brooklyn Philharmonic for a concert honoring Aaron Copland. The piece he wrote was “Ecstatic Orange.” He left Yale on May 1, 1985; “Ecstatic Orange” was performed in Brooklyn on May 10.

He had come to New York with no nest egg, no trust fund—just confidence, desire, the ability to live simply, and, as David Zinman has noted, a knack for writing popular pieces.
By Jeremy Schlosberg

Michael Torke ’84E wakes up every morning, jumps in the shower, and runs out the door of his Upper West Side apartment building, hair still wet. He buys a cup of coffee and a copy of The New York Times, which he drinks and reads, respectively, on the #1 subway on his way to his 41st Street office. Like many of his peers, Torke works furiously, sometimes forgetting to eat either lunch or dinner. (“It’s a pain in the neck to have to eat,” he says.) Unless he has a specific engagement, he will typically be at his desk until midnight.

Once back home, he’ll stay up reading until 2 or 3, and do the whole thing over again the next day.

Attorney? Investment banker? Hardly. Despite a work regimen that mimics a typical young professional’s, Michael Torke (pronounced “Tork-ee”) is as atypical as they come. The 26-year-old Eastman School graduate is a composer of what is often known, oxymoronically, as “contemporary classical” music. His midtown office has a desk and a file and a lamp, as well as a synthesizer, a four-track machine, a music stand, and headphones.

Unlike all but a handful of others in his field, Torke supports himself as a full-time composer. At any age, this is noteworthy; at 26, it is astounding.

Equally astounding is the level of success Torke has achieved so quickly. Within three years of his Eastman graduation in 1984, Torke has seen his work performed by the Detroit Symphony, the Brooklyn Philharmonic, the Baltimore Symphony, and the Milwaukee Symphony. He has won the coveted Prix de Rome from the American Academy, the Hearns Prize from Columbia University, and the Charles Ives Award from the National Institute of Arts and Letters. He has received prizes from ASCAP and BMI and fellowships at the Yaddo and MacDowell colonies.

Lest you assume that Torke’s accomplishments have involved a mass of esoteric credits, ponder this: His work has been staged by the New York City Ballet, due to the enthusiastic support of none other than Peter Martins, the NYCB ballet master-in-chief. The collaboration started when Martins heard Torke’s “Ecstatic Orange,” an orchestral piece that premiered in New York in 1985, and couldn’t get it out of his head.

“It had a lot of power that excited me,” Martins says. The more I heard it, the more I liked it, which is always a good sign for a choreographer.”

Martins had been scouting for new works for the NYCB’s American Music Festival, scheduled for this spring, and believed he had found, in Torke, a young composer of great promise.

In 1987, “Ecstatic Orange,” choreographed by Martins, was performed by the NYCB, first as a short piece, and later in an expanded, three-movement version. A work commissioned especially for the American Music Festival is being staged this May, and future Martins-Torke collaborations are likely.

“The sky’s the limit as far as that kid’s concerned,” David Zinman has said of Torke. Zinman, the former music director of the Rochester Philharmonic, now holds that post with the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra. He has compared Torke to Aaron Copland—not for any musical similarity, he says, but because of Torke’s “knack of writing terrific music with an incredibly popular touch.”

Torke himself takes the acclaim in stride. He is a thoughtful Milwaukee native who, despite three eventful years in Manhattan, still considers himself more a Midwesterner than a New Yorker. Even so, the folks back home are beginning to razz him about his “eastern accent,” and attitudinally, he seems to have augmented his soft-spoken Midwesternness with a dose of savvy New York realism.

His reaction to all his good fortune? “It’s sort of like: What’s the difference between your phone ringing once a day or your phone ringing 15 times a day?” He answers his own question. “The difference is you’ve got to go over and pick it up more often.” This is, in fact, part of the reason for the rented

16
By the 1920s, the pledge had become an integral aspect of patriotic activities. Paralleling its rise in popularity was the public's interest in discovering who had composed it, and Bellamy's frustration in seeing others so honored. One Frank E. Bellamy, a Kansas schoolboy when the pledge was written, staked his claim, eagerly taken up by some supporters. But the crux was always the Upham claim upheld by the publishers.

Bellamy swore out three affidavits and wrote at least four detailed versions of the events surrounding the birth of the "twenty-three-word national creed." The accounts were eventually published by the Elks Magazine of June 1924, the Rochester Alumni Review of February-March 1927, the Stone and Webster Journal of around 1930, and The University of Rochester Library Bulletin of Winter 1953.

Conversely, in 1930 the U.S. Flag Association approved the claim of the Upham Family Association that Upham had prepared the original draft and that Bellamy was only one of several Companionate contributors. Meanwhile, Francis Bellamy, having spent 10 years as a journalist and editor with various publications, and 18 years in big-city advertising, had moved to partial retirement in Florida and the job with the Tampa Electric Company.

When he died in 1931 he was still without the recognition he sought.

In 1939, the Order of Job's Daughters, about to erect a $30,000 monument to Upham, asked a panel of independent historians to recheck the Upham claim. After the Upham and Bellamy families had presented their evidence, the panel—and the Flag Association in its wake—concluded unanimously that it was Bellamy who wrote the pledge.

Bellamy's "intimate picture of the background of the pledge" had "the unmistakable stamp of verity," the panel decided. Early references to "the Bellamy salute" formed "strong contemporary evidence." Also, "the easy, fluent style, and the smooth cadence" of the first Columbus Day address, which everyone agreed was Bellamy's, "resembles the phraseology of the pledge." And so forth.
to an imaginary flag. "I am a school­
boy standing at salute," Upham said.
"As I say, 'I pledge allegiance . . .',
I stretch out my right hand and keep it
raised to the end."

Bellamy was happy to have pleased
"that exacting idealist," James Upham,
and went back to work on his solemn
Columbus Day "address"—and to con­
tinue to press an elaborate publicity
campaign in support of the nationwide
observance. (Typical among his ploys
was the full page of already-typeset
boilerplate that he furnished, free, to
local newspapers across the country,
recounting an interview in the "busy
office" of the national Columbus Day
chairman as "reported by the Boston
Correspondent of [your name here]
newspaper.")

The thousand-word address, unsur­
prisingly, flowed more readily from
Bellamy's pen than had the 23-word
pledge: "Four hundred years ago this
morning the Pinta's gun broke the
silence and announced the discovery
of this hemisphere . . .," the speech
would note. "Today, America's fifth
century begins . . ."
Even before Bellamy joined *The Companion* staff, Upham had embarked on a crusade to float the American flag over every schoolhouse, the flags to be paid for by selling 10-cent shares to students. One hundred shares would buy a respectable school flag, and through Upham's efforts, 30,000 of them had been supplied to schoolhouses across the country.

The next year, 1892, would mark the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America, and Upham had conceived a "simultaneous and appropriate celebration...in every public school." A committee of state education superintendents set about planning a nationwide school holiday replete with speeches, music, and proclamations. Climaxing the festivities, the Grand Army of the Republic, then in its prime, would raise flags all over the land.

The committee elected as its chairman the representative from *Youth's Companion*—Francis Bellamy—and set up headquarters in his office.

Bellamy's first task was to get Columbus Day proclaimed a national holiday, and his second to have the celebrations center on the public schools and their flags.

A nervy fellow, Bellamy proved apt as the retiring Upham's missionary. The country was in the throes of a bitter presidential campaign but Bellamy wangled an interview with former President Grover Cleveland, again a candidate, who wrote a hearty letter approving "making the public schools the backbone of the Columbus Day celebration." (Wary, Western Union held the story from the wires until the Democratic Committee got verification from Cleveland that he had indeed so communicated to the brash upstart from *The Companion.*

Then Bellamy tackled that crusty old Republican Senator from Massachusetts, Henry Cabot Lodge (described as "the only man who could go into the front entrance of any Fifth Avenue home without delivering something"). Lodge grudgingly arranged an introduction to President Harrison. To Lodge's amazement, Harrison too dictated a letter of personal approval. Both president and senator warned Bellamy, however, that only the Congress could authorize a national holiday, and that the Democratic House would never unite with a Republican Senate on any project that might make Harrison appear the hero.

Despite Lodge's warning that he was "going too far," Bellamy, unfazed, next took on Congress and garnered letters of support from the leaders of both houses, and, while he was about it, from most of the state governors as well. A joint resolution of Congress authorized Harrison to proclaim a national Columbus Day "but owing to obstruction from other quarters," Bellamy wrote later, "the proclamation hung fire."

T he pair stood in the gathering darkness practicing the pledge to an imaginary flag. "I am a schoolboy standing at salute," Upham said. "As I say, 'I pledge allegiance,' I stretch out my right hand and keep it raised to the end."

Upon hearing that President Harrison had instructed the State Department to compose the unforthcoming proclamation, Bellamy called upon Secretary of State John W. Foster to see if he could hurry the process along. After chastising Bellamy for his cheekiness, Foster offered to let him help with the draft, which is how Bellamy's cadenced words—"On that day let the national flag float over every schoolhouse in the land"—came to be inserted in the otherwise formulaic presidential proclamation.
He was perhaps the ultimate PR man, yet never during his lifetime was Francis J. Bellamy, Class of 1876, able to establish his claim to authorship of 23 of the most famous words in American history: the Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag. How come?

By Elizabeth Brayer

The wastebasket in a corner office of the popular children's magazine was overflowing that balmy August night in 1892. But on the desk, in the author's own hand, were these words:

"I pledge allegiance to my Flag and to the Republic for which it stands—one Nation indivisible— with liberty and justice for all."

Americans may stumble over the words and music to "The Star-Spangled Banner" but most of us know who wrote our National Anthem, and under just what pyrotechnic circumstances. With the Pledge of Allegiance, learned as a matter of course by every school-child, the situation is reversed. We may easily parrot our familiar national creed. Yet who besides trivia freaks can identify its author as Francis Julius Bellamy, surely the University's most quoted alumnus?

Bellamy's original 23 words are now 31 words and 95 years old. Controversy and anonymity marked their birth and rise to mythical status.

Their creator was an ex-clergyman with "a knack for words." He was later to become an early—and eminently successful—advertising man who was active professionally until his death in 1931 at the age of 76. (When the Tampa Electric Company that year chose to let him go in favor of a younger man, he hustled across town and landed a job as advertising chief at the gas company.) Although for two decades he had been struggling for recognition as the author of those 23 famous words, it was to be eight more years before their authorship was finally, in 1939, unequivocally attributed to him.

Born in 1855 the son of a Baptist minister, Bellamy grew up in Rome, N.Y., a town built on the site of Fort Stanwix, where, prophetically perhaps, the American flag was first unfurled in battle. He entered the (then Baptist) University of Rochester in 1872, heading, after his father—and like fully one third of his classmates—toward the ministry.

Early testing his verbal facility, Francis Bellamy won the Sophomore Latin Prize and the Senior Essay Prize. One of a class of 34 men, 16 of whom delivered commencement addresses, Bellamy gave not one but two graduation speeches. The first was his prize essay, on "Wordsworth's Place in Literature." The second was on "The Poetry of Human Brotherhood."

"That oration," writes Margarette S. Miller, speaking as Bellamy in a first-person biography of him (Twenty-three Words, Printcraft Press, 1976),
gastrointestinal disease, and even menstrual disorders," says Greenblatt.

Not to mention trouble staying alert on the job. A story to instill some sober respect for body clocks (and fear of "red-eye" flights) is one that appeared about a year and a half ago in The New York Times. A Harvard Medical School researcher studied 30 commercial airline pilots and found that they dozed off in the cockpit an average of 32 times a month, usually between 3 and 7 a.m. On one transcontinental flight to Los Angeles, all three people in the cockpit fell asleep, and the jet flew 100 miles past the airport before any of the crew woke up.

"Remember the Three Mile Island incident and the Chernobyl disaster? They also happened between 2 and 4 a.m. on the body clocks of the workers at the plants," says Greenblatt.

But enough about the peril of ignoring chronobiology.

Understanding how body clocks work has led to a new treatment for those out of sync with their environment: "chronotherapy." It's one way to reset the body clocks of night owls who can't get up in the morning, and of people whose circumstances have changed, like the late-shift worker who decides to go back to school and must get up for nine o'clock classes.

"It's pretty simple. We just put these people on a schedule over several weeks' time and have them go to bed later and later on successive nights until they're in the routine they want to be. It works, but it takes motivation from the patient and support from the patient's family."

The people who can't sleep when they want to do not form the largest group of Greenblatt's patients, however. "Most people think about sleep disorders as a problem of falling asleep at night," he says. "Insomnia is certainly very common, but people usually go to their primary-care physicians for help. Most of our patients come in complaining of being too sleepy during the day, or of falling asleep at inappropriate times."

In the lingo of the sleep doctors, these are the DOES - pronounced "doze" - folks who suffer "disorders of excessive somnolence." (Their opposites, the insomniacs, are the DIMS group, with "disorders of initiating and maintaining sleep.")

Just how sleepy are the DOES patients?

"Weariness can snore upon the flint, when restless sooth - finds the down pillow hard," Shakespeare observed in Cymbeline. We're not talking about people who fall asleep over a book or while watching TV. We're talking about people who can fall asleep on a rock pillow.

Greenblatt's patients can doze at a red light while driving, snooze in the middle of a conversation, nod off in the interval between their fork twirling some strands of spaghetti in sauce and the spaghetti reaching their mouth. They can even fall asleep while making love. Naps like these wreck marriages, threaten life and limb, and cost jobs.
Cervantes' *Don Quixote*. "It is meat for the hungry, drink for the thirsty, heat for the cold, and cold for the hot."

Picking up where Sancho leaves off, let's add that sleep delivers you from cares, quiets your aches, and refreshes you down to the bone. And . . . well, the list could go on and on.

The bad news is that sleep can be fickle. Who hasn't wrestled most of the night with pillows and covers, courting sleep in vain? Who hasn't felt dulled to the bone the day after?

A robust market in sleep aids—from waterbeds and orthopedic mattresses to pricey bedclothes to over-the-counter soporifics, sleep masks, and ear plugs—is testimony to our quest for restful sleep and more of it.

So is the appearance on the medical scene of sleep specialists like Greenblatt. A 1969 graduate of the College of Arts and Science who got his M.D. from the University of Barcelona in Spain, he is now back at Rochester as clinical assistant professor of medicine, teaching third- and fourth-year med students how to deal with sleep-disordered patients.

Greenblatt's center is one of five in New York State, and one of more than a hundred in the country. Most have sprung up since the late 1970s.

Hmmm. Does all this attention to the slumber-starved mean that more people are having trouble sleeping than they did in earlier times? Comparative figures are impossible to come by, but certain facts about our contemporary society suggest that sleep problems may indeed be more common today.

First, the demographics: Both baby boomers and their predecessors are getting older, and an adult simply does not "sleep like a baby." As we age, we tend to sleep less and less. Infants average 16 hours a day, children put in around 10 hours of sack time, adolescents do about 9 hours, and adults generally get by with 8, according to one study.

Past the age of 50, many people sleep less than 8 hours during the night, but are likely to take more daytime naps. (By the way—the idea that every adult needs exactly 8 hours is nonsense, Greenblatt says. "The great majority of adults sleep between 7 and 9 hours a night, and there is evidence that people who fall within this range live longer than those who sleep fewer or more hours. But if you average 6 and you feel fine, then that's probably all you need.")

Another thing: The architecture of sleep changes over a lifetime. Infants, young children, and adolescents usually drop off to dreamland quickly, and spend a higher proportion of the night in the deeper, more refreshing, stages of sleep than do their elders. The number of awakenings during the night rises from an average of one for young children to seven for males over the age of 50. Rapid eye-movement sleep—the kind in which dreams occur—also declines with age.

But there are reasons besides the demographics that could account for so many difficulties with sleep. They have to do with the way in which we work and travel.

Sleep is part of a daily tapestry of biological rhythms of hormone levels, body temperature, and alertness or sleepiness that's been called the body's clock. Natural cues like the rising of the sun or regular habits like getting up and going to bed at about the same time each day help set the clock. But when we jet across time zones or change our work shifts, we upset the rhythms and then we can't sleep when it's time to go to bed.

"It's easier for people to delay the cycle than for them to shorten it," says Greenblatt. "Studies have shown that when people are put into environments where they haven't any time cues at all, and they're allowed to get up and go to sleep when they choose, they will develop daily cycles that last longer than the 'normal' 24, usually from 25 to 27 hours." Consequently, he adds, it's easier to adjust to local time if you've been flying from east to west, when you have to put off your accustomed bedtime, than the reverse, when you have to bed down some hours before
Down with 'Academics'

We live in a day when everyone seems busily involved in changing nouns and pronouns for some higher purpose. One man's “freedom fighter” is another man's “fascist”—and it isn't one “man's” opinion of course. Much linguistic alteration has been for the better. Words are not ciphers but the expressions of attitudes which we do well to review and revise. After an extended discussion recently with a group of students, I have my own candidate for obliteration: “academics.”

It would be very interesting to make a distribution diagram of “academics” in student conversation. Certainly it is a frequently used noun. As far as I can determine it refers to some species of slightly alien being. Students “pay attention to academics” so I assume he/she/it is something to be wary of like icy patches on the Elmwood Avenue Bridge. Life at the University is a mixture of all sorts of interesting entertainments, social opportunities, parking problems, and—oh, yes—there is always “academics.” “Academics” definitely has something to do with the University of Rochester since students will refer to “the academics” as something that they do during the four years of residence.

What I find so interesting about “academics” is that it refers to a realm that exists, but exists only, “of course,” recognized as something of a necessary afterthought in recalling the college career. I don't want to be mistaken here. Students are obviously serious about “academics”; they worry about it and work at it. But, what is curious, and cause for linguistic extinction, is the determined compartmentalization of “academics” over and against everything else.

Maybe I wouldn't worry so much about “academics” if it didn't appear that “everything else” is the present source of life, joy, peace, contentment, and fun. There is happy everything else and what interferes with everything else: “academics.” This value dichotomy was sharply put by a claim made by one student in our conversation. It is a claim I have heard repeatedly—and not only at Rochester but at every university and college I have served.

The claim: “I have learned so much more in [named non-curricular activity] than I ever have in class.”

In one sense this claim is not surprising. A residential university which assembles bright and interesting students would certainly expect them to have major memorable experiences in the approximately 150 hours a week not in class. What is peculiar is how the claim for the extracurricular is often intoned with a sort of defiant triumph that the real education has only accidental relation to formal instruction. My first reaction to such claims when intoned triumphally is, “Why did you spend $60,000 for that education?” Four years in social service or minor league baseball might produce as enriching a set of social interactions as Wilson Commons—with or without Genny Night.

It is fair to note that my student interlocutors backed off the hard-edged claim for life-out-of-class. After much discussion it was agreed that a lot of that extracurricular value-added occurred because of and with the structuring provided by a class and a stimulating teacher. The professor stated positions that the student wrangled and tussled with for hours out of class. I think their last perception is correct in fact and in our educational theory—and that is why I want to abolish “academics.”

It is true, I recall, that not every classroom exercise in college offered the immediate thrill of seeing Ted Williams hit a home run into the upper deck at Comiskey Park. (I reveal my era. My team was the other Sox. They did not hit home runs so even I cheered for the Splendid Splinter.) I can imagine that some courses—even at Rochester—are as off-putting as the opprobrious “academics” suggest. But the term is not being used inductively. It is used as an a priori assumption embedded in talk. The talk misleads both actual experience and the meaning of education.

Take a hard case. Take math and science, perhaps. I suppose anyone can recognize the sprightliness which poets lend to life, but physicists? Modern science, however, is certainly one of the greatest works of the human mind—a stunning effort of discipline, imagination, community, and zeal. To use the poet's phrase, without science we would have “only a stone's look on a stone's face.” Because of science even the dull stone unfolds ages of time and process.

But the damage of “academics” is not only that it falsely dulls classroom ardor, it demeans the very non-curricular life it claims to celebrate. The subtext of “academics” and “everything else” divides the world into hard work (of the mind) and frantic play (out of mind). But mindless play can move all too easily from simple spontaneity 

(continued on page 46)
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Review welcomes letters from readers and will use as many of them as space permits. Letters may be edited for brevity and clarity.

Revised Review

This latest issue was WONDERFUL. The article on Susan B. was particularly enlightening. Ditto on smoking. Really fine. Thank you.

Constance Halik Schaffer ’47G Buffalo, N.Y.

As Rochester alumni, we read and greatly enjoy the Rochester Review. We are both happy with the spirit which instigated the split of the magazine into two separate quarters: the desire to improve. But we, and all of the alumni we have contacted, agree that the new layout and cover banner quarterlies: the desire to improve. But we, split of the magazine into two separate fine. Thank you.

David M. Shein ’84
Brooklyn, N.Y.
David W. Bertoni ’84
Arlington, Va.

Now that we’ve moved back from a 36- to a 48-page format with this issue, we hope to be able to provide you with a little more meat within the bread. Let us know what you think—Editor.

The word ROCHESTER on the cover of the Rochester Review/Winter 1987–88 is printed in bright blue. I think that Dandelion Yellow would have been more appropriate.

Malcolm C. McBride ’27
Penfield, N.Y.

Dandelion Yellow, you may be assured, is one of our favorite colors. Unfortunately, when our alumni antecedents picked the shade (unromantically from a cigar band and not the flower, it is said), they didn’t consider whether it would show up well in type. Actually, our plan for each issue is to print the “Rochester” in a color harmonizing with the cover design—Editor.

I just read over my Rochester Review and was most pleased with everything.

I have one suggestion to make, as long as you are in the mood for a change. How about putting more in about those people who graduated 1930-60? Sure, some of us are retired but that doesn’t mean we haunt the rocking chairs.

A note suggesting info re: trips, change of living area, volunteer jobs, etc., should garner some replies.

Esther Teller Swamer ’40
West Chester, Pa.

We are indeed happy to receive such information and will print all the news about yourselves that you-all are willing to send us—either in the Review or in the new Rochester ’88. So keep it coming. Your classmates are always hungry for word from you—Editor.

Bruce Lansdale
I read the article on Bruce Lansdale ’46 [Winter 1987–88] with great interest. I met Bruce in Thessaloniki when I lived in Athens for three years in the mid ’70s.

I also became aware of the recent history of Thessaloniki. It has a large Jewish population which was lost during the war. The Jewish cemetery outside the city was destroyed by the German army, and the grave stones were used to pave a road after the war.

Bruce Lansdale retrieved some of the stones and preserved them at the Farm School. He did not have to do this, but did so instinctively. This is just a very small example of Lansdale’s humanity in contrast to the gross inhumanity that took place in Europe not too long ago.

Alpert Barr ’56
San Rafael, Calif.

South Africa

Re: “The South Africa Issue Comes to Rochester”:

This anti-apartheid nonsense is one of the reasons that I do not contribute to the University. I invest in S.A. and will continue to do so. How do you like them apples?

Glenn C. Law ’47E
Waldorf, Md.

Gourmet Ner Man

I enjoyed Dan Kimmel’s article in the Fall issue on crossword puzzler Doug Heller ’77 and his friend, cartoonist and creator of Ner Man, Gary Fink ’77). Dan forgot to mention that the Ner Man was also used in restaurant reviews during the Spring ’77 semester. Paul Green, Kathy Scheuerman, Steve Jaeger, and I would write reviews of local restaurants and rate them on a “Galloping Nerman” Ner Man schedule.

Leslie Tick ’77
San Francisco

Judging by the clippings Tick sent along, the reviews were mouthwatering, and so were the prices. For instance, “Price range: $2.55–$16 per person,” for dinner at a highly rated 4-Ner restaurant—Editor.

Isaac Newton

I find the article, “The Price of Genius” on Isaac Newton [Summer 1987] to be very interesting, indeed. It presumably sheds some new light on the personal life and the personality of Isaac Newton, this great genius in the field of physical science. There are, however, a number of mistakes with respect to what Newton knew, or could have known, at that time. There are also a number of apparent insinuations, implications, (continued on page 46)